

VANCOUVER, November 12th.—The United States Grand Jury returned to-day indictments against Hon. James B. Montgomery, Portland, Or., and several others, for conspiracy in obtaining the Government title of large tracts of land in this Judicial district. The indictments were drawn by the United States Attorney and cover 24 counts, charging the defendants with conspiring to obtain the title to the lands, going to make a complete conspiracy. Some 35 witnesses were before the Grand jury. The case will be continued to the 17th term, 1887.

YOU KISSED ME.

The following poem was written in 1867, when the author was a young lady under 20. It was addressed to a certain young gentleman, the hero of the occasion portrayed. James Redpath thought so well of the poem that he once published it in one of his papers. It is now reprinted, as it is the property of the author, and it is thought that it would be of interest to our readers.

You kissed me! My head
Drooped low on your breast,
With a feeling of sweet
And infinite rest.
While the world seemed to pass
In a dream of bliss,
From my heart to my cheek,
Your arms held me fast.
Oh, your arms were so bold!
Heart beat to heart,
In your passionate fire,
Your glances seemed drawing
Soul through soul,
As the sun draws the mist
From the sky to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine,
Till I lay in bliss,
They taught me never to sleep
From that rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart
And my breath and my will
In delicious joy,
For a moment still.
Life had for me then
No temptations, no charms,
No visions of happiness
Outside of your arms.
And were I this instant
An angel possessed
Of the peace and the joy
That are given the blest,
I would find my bliss
In the arms of the one
Who kissed me first.
To nestle near my forehead
His beautiful curls,
In that haven of rest,
Your lips upon my breast.
You kissed me! My soul,
In a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man,
Foolish with death.
And I thought "how delicious
To die there, if I were."
Would come while my lips
Were yet moist with your breath:
That death would be welcome
If my heart could grow old
While your arms clung me round
In their passionate fire.
And these are the words
I ask day and night:
Must my life taste no more
Such exquisite delight
Would you care if my breast
Were my shelter, then,
And if you were here,
Would you kiss me again?

Josephine B. Hunt.

HOW THEY MADE MONEY.

"Pack up your things as soon as you please, my dear," said Mr. Chesney; "we're going to move on Saturday."

Mr. and Mrs. Chesney were a matrimonial firm, there was no question about that; but Mrs. Chesney had always been a silent partner.

"If ever I get married," said Elma, a bright-eyed girl of seventeen, "I won't be put upon as mamma is!" "Papa is a decided despot—that's what papa is!" decided Will, a tall strapping fifteen.

"Where, my dear?" asked Mrs. Chesney, with a little start.

"Into the country," said the family anacron. "I'm tired of this city business; it costs a great deal more than it comes to. I'm told you can live at half the expense in the country."

"But," gasped Mrs. Chesney, "what is to become of the children's education?" "There's a private district school in the neighborhood, not more than a mile distant," explained her husband, "and the exercise will do them good."

"And what are we to do for society?" "I shall," said Chesney, "I won't give a rap for people who can't be society for themselves. There'll be the housework to do, you know—nobody keeps a girl in the country—plenty of jobs about the place for Will and Spencer. I shall keep a horse, if I can get one cheap, for the station is half a mile from the place, and I've bargained for a couple of cows and some pigs."

Will and Spencer looked askance at each other.

"I'll do us good to walk a mile to school," declared the elder; "but father must have a horse to carry him half a mile to the station."

That's father's logic all over," observed Spencer.

Mr. Chesney explained to his wife the various advantages which were to accrue from the promised move.

"It's unfortunate," said he, "that Elma and Rosie aren't boys. Such a lot of women-folk are enough to swamp any family. Men, now, can always earn their bread. But we must not neglect the good housekeeper thereabout. Make 'em themselves in tin molds. There's nothing like economy. Now, I do beg to know, Abigail, he added, irritably, "what are you looking so lackadaisical about? Do you expect to sit still and fold your hands, while I do all the work? Give me a woman for sheer natural laziness."

"I am not lazy, George," said the poor wife, with a bewildered air; "but all this is so new and strange at first. But I'll try to get accustomed to it—I'll try my very best."

Nevertheless, Rosie and Elma and their mother shed many a salt tear in the trunks and packed boxes, out of the top of the woolen blankets and rugs and piles of domestic linen.

"I hate the prison," said Elma, "I'd as soon go to prison and be done with it."

"Oh, Elma, don't talk so," said Rosie. "There are wild roses and robins there, just as one sees on the prairie; and the shop window and the garden and the flower-bed and some dear little downy chickens."

But the first sight of Mainestalk Farm was inspiring in the extreme. Between rock and swamp there was scarcely pasture for two lean cows that Mr. Chesney had bought as "a bargain," and the hollow-backed horse, which had walked the place like some phantom Bucephalus.

The apple trees in the orchard were three-quarters dead, and leaned sorrowfully away from the east wind, until their boughs touched the very ground; the fences were all gone to ruin and the front gate was tied up with a string.

"Is this home?" said Elma, with an indescribable intonation in her voice.

"We'll get things all straightened up after awhile," said Mr. Chesney, bustling to drive away the pigs, until their boughs of their pen and were squealing dismally under the window.

Mrs. Chesney cried herself to sleep that night, and wakened the next morning with every bone instinct with shooting pains.

"And no wonder," said Spencer. "There's a foot of water in the cellar."

"We must have it drained," said Mr. Chesney, with an uneasy look; "but there's plenty of things to do first."

And now began the business of the strictest economy. Mr. Chesney himself paid for everything with checks, and not an article came into the house or went out of it without his cognate approval. New dresses were strictly interdicted; orders were issued that old carpets should be renewed, and broken dishes repaired with cement and pickles.

"Save, save, save!" That was the chief thing, he kept repeating. "Women folk can't earn; they should try their best to save."

"It's all very well for papa," growled Will. "He goes to the city every day and sees something besides the pigs and the dead apple trees. He gets his lunch at a restaurant, and we eat cold beans, and drink dandelion coffee and sage tea."

"Papa's a fool," muttered Rosie. "I've an idea, Mary Penn, who lives on the next farm,

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When we consider the amount of material which fashion demands, or rather permits, in the making of dresses, the heavy drapings and platings, fold upon fold, the braids and buttons, the beads and tassels and tags, it is no wonder that many a weary woman has been dragged by them to a sick bed, to her grave, or worse still, to remain a chronic invalid, always to be cared for at the hands of the family doctor or a specialist.

The length of the skirt for street wear, especially, is a matter of much importance to health. The most direct and dangerous result of skirts too long is that they become damp around the bottom whenever streets or sidewalks are wet, and the feet and ankles are from this contact made the medium of derangements of the circulation, and often of congestions of sensitive organs, serious disturbances to health thus being engendered.

A little care in the selection of light instead of heavy material for a dress, linings and trimmings included, would obviate the unnecessary wear and injury of length. A length is a matter more easily controlled.

One day last winter a nervous, over-worked teacher called to my office, threw off her cloak, and sat down with a groan. I lifted the garment, and exclaimed at its great weight. "Yes," she said, "it is a terrible load to carry. I believe it is killing me." Whether she saved her life by substituting the short, light, warmly-lined wrap which I advised I am unable to say; but I am sure that her health rapidly improved after she made the change.

Excessive driving, long, heavy coats of seersucker, or other material of great weight, are equally injurious. The jet-trimmed wraps worn in warmer weather are little better, some of these weighing twenty pounds or more.

The use of wet in the morning and evening of bonnets, so much in vogue at present, is harmful, as the weight is so great as to tire the muscles of the back of the neck, cause headache and a general feeling of weariness.

The wearing of tight laces impedes the circulation, interferes with muscular action, and makes the body more susceptible to cold. To such a degree has this silly fashion been carried that in many cases the wearers have been unable to raise their hands to the head or to the eyes. Of the exposure entailed by the wearing of sleeveless, neckless, nearly shoulderless dresses, the outrage to both the physical and mental nature of woman needs no further and equally patent to any unprejudiced mind. It is an unhealthy fashion in more ways than one.

The warmth of the lower extremities should be secured by drawers reaching to the ankle, the texture and number of pairs required being determined by the state of the weather and the necessities of the wear.

Clara Barton, when working so bravely on the battlefields of our own and of other countries, was wont to wear drawers, and drawers of one piece of material, and she has assured me that the many advantages of this arrangement had no small share in enabling her to withstand the fatigues and exposures of her self-imposed labors.

The shoes commonly worn are too tight, and are not properly shod. The tight French kid is quite unsuitable for street wear in cold or damp weather.

On a winter's day I saw two ladies enter a street car. Each wore a long, heavy coat, and light, thin-soled French kid shoes. One was red, almost purple, in the face; the other pale as a ghost. One was gasping for breath, the other panting and weak, with not much blood to go in dry air. They both had feet like ice.

The shape of the shoe is a matter of importance in a double sense. That the high-heeled shoe throws a part of the body out of its normal axis, and prevents the natural spring of the foot, and that narrow toes cause a multiplicity of local firs, are grave objections; but Nature is bountiful, and will adjust herself in a manner that will overcome the disadvantages of the shoe. The backache and headache caused by the unnatural jar which comes from these parts from pecking about upon feet with the elasticity and spring of the natural foot, can be borne. If the discomfort caused by corns, bunions or ingrowing nails makes you still more nervous, and possibly a little irritable, your friends will probably bear with you, and an occasional trip on the stair or a sprained ankle, though it may be a little hard on you, will not, or rather cannot, walk. They rise up and down in the street cars, and on the sidewalks, instead of taking the vigorous tramp which would put new life into their lagging pulses, new strength into their muscles, new vigor into their nerves.

Imagine a woman with a corset which renders a full inspiration impossible, as if so tight that the arms ache from pressure, ten to twenty times as much as the weight of the corset, and the whole body hanging from her hips and twisting about her ankles, as many pounds of cloak suspended from her shoulders, and narrow, high-heeled shoes on her feet, and she is to take a six or ten mile walk! Surely Nature made a wise provision for the human race when she made women hard to kill, otherwise the world would soon be depopulated for lack of mothers.

The degree to which servant girls, shop-girls—all that struggling class of women—imagine their miseries, and the isolation with which they come in contact in this matter of tight-lacing, skirt-trimming, foot-torturing, and all the rest of it, is a potent reason for much of the ill health, the nervousness, or the failure to achieve an honest self-support among them. Even the raw recruits who come to us, flushed and brown from over-exposure to the sun, hold, hold, hold, succumb to this evil influence, and suffer accordingly.

One of the largest dry-goods merchants in this city writes me that he keeps the women of his family confined to the house in cramped positions, any is the source of much anxiety and of expense not easily borne, the latter being too often met by scrimping in the necessities of life.

To those girls who are trying to earn a livelihood by long hours of daily toil, who eat cheap lunches in order that they may buy cheaper silks, who bend over their sewing late at night and go to their work with pale faces and tired eyes the next day, it adds another reason for the interruption to the breaking down in health of these unthinking and short-sighted creatures.

Before we turn from this subject let us look at a brighter page, where we may read a promise of better things to come, because of this which is already begun. The various out-door pastimes in which young ladies now freely indulge, and which render muscular activity with little inconvenience of clothing necessary, have begun to introduce many beautiful innovations. The wearers of these comfortable and

WOMAN'S HEALTH.

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